

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the churches."

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PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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From the New York Express.

PLAY-MAKERS, PLAY-ACTORS, AND PLAY-FREQUENTERS.

are, in my way of thinking, the most consummate murderers of time, money, and morals, that are to be found in all the Universe of God. I don't think Benjamin Franklin was ever seen in a play-house. In all his long and valuable life, he never saw an hour that he wished to kill time. Kill time indeed! It is not yours to kill; and rather than be an Actor, compelled to laugh while the heart is sad; and to play the baboon, merely to provoke the laughter of a company of buffoons, I would rather hoe corn on the sunny side of a hill in the month of July.

And you gentlemen printers of the New York Express, seem to be admirers of the play acting fraternity also; weekly, and sometimes daily, you extol to the skies, some celestial singer, or terrestrial player; but perhaps this is your trade; it may be you are well paid for it; like some lawyers who will plead a man from the gallows, though they know in their consciences he deserves to be hung. But you know there is a Moral conscience, and a Custom-house conscience, and a Political conscience, a conscience for the parlor, and a conscience for the Counting house; now it may be that your conscience belongs to the last of this tribe; however, be this as it may, I believe you are honest enough to print the truth, though it should be to your own hurt; therefore I think you will print this *Fugitive piece of mine*; though it should rank yourselves in the company of blacklegs. We can stand on the heights of Hallet's Cove, and on the house tops of Ravenswood, we can hear the sound of your alarm bells; the shouts of the Mobites, and the savage yells of your rioters; we have lately assumed the privilege, there are some people at Washington who assume privileges which don't belong to them, as well as we, of showing unto our neighbors their faults, though sometimes we cannot see our own;—but this matters not; they need not do as we do, but do as we tell them to do. But this is disgusting, like my esteemed friend Dickey Riker in his address to the Jury in the case of Hamblin, and the Rioters, when he argued upon the propriety of approving or condemning Theatres; inclining rather in the opinion, that dramatic representation has a tendency more to exalt than to *debase* the character of youth. "For instance," continued his Honor, "the young go there to be indulged, and the Theatre is perhaps more dangerous to their morals than the Beer-house, in which they would probably pass away their time otherwise, and is certainly less so than houses of prostitution, or gaming houses, which last is the worst of all." Now Mr. Printer, I have known and esteemed Mr. Riker as a good neighbor, as an upright and humane Judge for many years, as a terror to the evil doers and a praise to them that do well; but of late years I have been puzzled, when I saw Mr. Riker's name frequently at the head of a list of respectables, and non-respectables, in getting up a Dinner, or a Benefit, or some other mark of public respect for one or another of the play actors. I thought it was not consistent with his office, as a guardian of the public morals. If Mr. Riker's words in the above address are truly reported in your paper of the 24th, he says, that "dramatic representations have a tendency, more to *exalt* than to *debase* the character of youth." Mr. R. and every one else who is willing to open their eyes will confess, that just the reverse is the fact; there is not one youth out of a dozen, who are in the habit of attending those representations, but are the most debased of our young population; not excepting those, whose frock coats are cut from the best Yorkshire superfine. Mr. Riker and other boys of sixty, who have been blest with a liberal education, a refined taste, and a taste for refinement, may know how to appreciate a beautiful sentiment from Shakspeare and others, and this too is seeking a gold ring in a hogpen, but the boys of fifteen and twenty, go only to scratch amongst the mire. The records of the Court of Sessions will establish this fact.—Colquhoun, or some other writer on London Police, and London crimes, makes the following remarks; "I believe that more of the youths among the lower orders in London, begin their career as thieves, in order that they may have the means of gratifying their penchant for Theatricals, than for any other cause that could be named." I wonder if Mr. Riker thinks that the youth in New York are made of any better material than are the youth in London.

Mr. Riker says in his address, the young go there to be *indulged*; yes, indulged; in what? He next says, they better go there than to the beer-house, or the gaming house; now had he only put the play house first, and added, that

this one was just the entering to the other three, he would then have spoken plain truth and common sense, and also what he knows to be a fact. It is a fact of which we have ocular demonstration, and a historical fact which can't be contradicted, that wherever you erect a play-house, immediately there springs up a beer-house, an oyster house, a gaming house, and a prostitution house in duplicates surround it. What does Mr. Riker mean by "dramatic representations"? Is it to see a handsome woman, or six handsome women dressed in the most voluptuous manner, and dancing in the most lascivious manner? Is it this, for those sights are the chief attractions of the play house, that Mr. Riker asserts from the Bench, tend more to exalt than to *debase* our youth? Exalt indeed—exalt them to the gallows, and *debase* them to hell. The man who murdered Helen Jewett, got his exalted ideas in this school for *Scandal*; your forgers, your counterfeiters, your pickpockets, your swindlers, your grand and petty larceners, your rioters and highwaymen, all got their characters exalted in this school for morals, falsely so called.

At these dramatic representations you will see mothers and their daughters, respectable from Bond street and Broadway in boxes; and over their heads, on benches, you may see street walkers from Church and Chapel streets. I have seen in the Park Theatre, mothers of forty with their daughters of twenty, sitting in all the immodesty of *undress*—perhaps the Recorder thinks those sights have a "tendency rather to exalt than to *debase* our youth." I knew many of those ladies aforesaid by name and number, they were all highly respectable, and many of them members of churches. Says I to myself, you dare not for the life of you be seen in St. Paul's in such an *undress*. I suppose this is what the Recorder would call, *holding the mirror up to nature*. Next time I saw some of those ladies was in the brick Meeting and Trinity Church; there they sat in modest apparel and decorum of manners, reading their prayers and making their responses, with faces as long as a bean-pole. Thanks I to myself, they must have a conscience for Sunday, and a conscience for Monday—a dress for the house of God, and an *undress* for the synagogue of Satan.

There is something so fascinating in dramatic representations to boys of from fourteen to twenty-four, that they will steal from parents, masters, superiors or equals, or any where, so as they may gain admittance into this school of refinement, as the Recorder would say. I have known gold and silversmiths' apprentices, dry good, toy shop, apothecary and grog shop boys, before they arrived at eighteen years, detected in a long course of pilfering, that they might get into the play-house at eight, the beer and oyster house at ten, and the gaming house at twelve. I appeal to scores of young men, now in Broadway between the Battery and Bleecker street, if this is not the case with them this week, and two or three times every week. I appeal to the Recorder, if he has not disposed of many such cases from his judgment-seat. Now I would reverse his proposition, and say, that those representations have a tendency more to *debase* than to exalt our youth;—besides, it distracts and unfits the mind for the regular routine of business, and for all the sober realities of life. Let any observer take a stroll among the retail stores in Broadway, or wholesale stores in Pearl street, between the hours of three and four, when their employers and customers are gone to dinner; you will there see many of them standing in knots, the quill behind their ears, the bales, the bills, the day book and ledger, all unstrung, while they are comparing notes about Madam Celeste's dancing, Miss Tree's playing, or Mrs. Flynn's jumping, &c. Common decency and common sense will keep their eyes on their books and bills, while their employers are present, but even then the hand is often still, and the eyes shut over the book, while the mind is running riot among the wild scenes of the play and opera house, in which they had been engaged on the night previous. At one period of my life, I was an assistant in the extensive Vendue concern of Mr. D. Denham, 144 Pearl street. Though he was one of the sharpest men in all Pearl street, yet I often witnessed the above, and similar blasting effects of dramatic representations, even under that roof.—Now, Mr. Recorder, does this tend more to exalt than to *debase* the character of your youth? Look at the young debased future supporters of liberty, who beset the doors, front and rear; look at the stage, pit and gallery—the Recorder will find few exalted characters there, except he refers to the sky scrapers above. In the boxes to be sure, you will see some gentlemen, and many of them, too, are only blacklegs, *disguised* with clean shirts and superfine coats.—The tree is known by its fruit.

Besides, it is an awful *murder of time*, to sit three or four nights every week from seven to eleven, learning nothing; looking at men singers and women singers, rope-dancers and fiddlers. Was this time spent in hearing lectures on Book-keeping, Mercantile Laws, Natural History, Mechanics, Botany, Geography, or Astronomy, they would learn something to delight and improve their minds, and look through Nature up to Nature's God, as the poet says.

Now you have finished the long-winded speeches from Congress, perhaps you will find room for the above. Like holy-water, if it does no good, it will do no harm. "I wish you would give it a place—you

may omit for a day some long winded letter, which many of your friends never read. You have heard Dr. Mason remark from the pulpit, when speaking about men of honour, who would take a false oath in the Custom house, and yet would shoot his brother for saying you lie, in the parlor—this man is a villain.—Things should always be called by their proper names.

GRANT THORNBURN.

From the Boston Recorder.

SPEAKING EVIL OF RULERS.

"Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people."—Exodus 22: 18.

The Apostle Paul declares that "the powers that be, are ordained of God;" and enforces the duty of obedience, and of rendering due honor to civil rulers. This precept was given to a people living under the despotism of Nero. It cannot, therefore, be said that it applies only to rulers who fear God, and administer the laws upon the principles of justice. The authority vested in them is to be regarded as the authority of God; and therefore to be respected and obeyed. And when the rulers themselves are reviled, and treated with disrespect and contempt, indignity is cast upon the authority, and the law which they represent.

We are persuaded that this subject is not rightly viewed by the mass of our people. We have so long been accustomed to feel our independence, that we seem to regard it as essential to liberty, to speak disparagingly, and even contemptuously of those who are elevated to high places of power. But this is certainly inconsistent with the whole tenor of the Bible. Subordination is one of the first principles inculcated in the blessed Volume. It is solemnly enjoined by the 1st command of the 2d table of the decalogue. The text which stands at the head of this article, forbids us to revile our rulers, accounting it a species of profanity. The Apostle Peter also speaks of this spirit in terms of the severest reprobation. Speaking of the unjust who are reserved unto the day of judgment to be punished, he says:—"Chiefly them that walk after the flesh, and *despise government*. Presumptions are they, self-willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities." And to enforce the sentiment, he says, even Angels, which are greater in power bring not railing accusation against them. Surely, it seems to us, no language could more pointedly condemn the prevailing practice of railing at men in power, heaping upon them abuse, deriding their character and acts, and sneeringly impugning their motives. Nothing is more common than this, both in the press, and in the daily conversation of the people; yet scarcely anything can be more unchristian, or more calculated to bring our institutions and laws into contempt. It is really heart-sickening to look into the political papers, or to listen to the language of the political circle, so violent is this spirit of denunciation and abuse. Will not Christians examine this subject in the light of God's word, and put a bridle upon the "unruly member," so "full of deadly poison."

We are not indeed, precluded from discussing the measures of government; but cannot this be done in a mild, forbearing Christian spirit? Because our rulers embrace sentiments, and adopt measures which we do not approve, must we attribute to them the worst motives which the nature of the case will admit? Must we pour upon them volleys of the coarsest epithets? Must we hold them up to the world, and with them, the nation they represent, as objects of universal contempt?

ECCESTASTICAL TYRANNY.

If any individual in Christendom has an itching for a union of Church and State, we should think a perusal of the following from the London Morning Chronicle would be sufficient to open his eyes to the evils of such a union. The being who can incarcerate his fellow men in prisons to extort from them what they do not possess, deserves not the name of a man, and much less that of a Christian and clergyman. From such ministers good Lord deliver us.

List of *the prisoners in Cork gaol, on account of either refusing, or being unable to pay tithes.*

Dublin, Dec. 7.

"Wm. Sheehan, aged 60 years; his wife deranged and bedridden these 9 years; committed to the gaol on the 1st of May 1834, where he remains to this day, at the suit of the Rev. John Gavin, Rector of Wallstown, for contempt of court.

"Thos Norris, aged 80, nine in family, in gaol since September, 1834, for contempt of court, at the suit of the above Rev. Rector.

"Michael Cotter, aged above 80 years; in gaol since May last, at the suit of the Rev. J. Ryder; the tithes 3l. 17s., costs over 14l.

"Michael Mathony, over 60 years; has a wife and five children; in gaol since September last, at the suit of the Rev. Hume Babington, of Moviddy; tithes 4l. 5s., costs 19l. 10s.

"Jeremiah Delany, aged 52; wife and three children; in gaol since October last, at the suit of the Rev. W. L. Beaufort, tithes 9l. 10s. costs 16l. This poor man was never served with any notice, but the Rev. Divine got a person to do the needful.

"John Connell, over 70 years; in gaol

since October last, at the suit of the Rev. Mr. Penrose; the tithes and costs not ascertained, as it was for contempt of court.

"James Lyons, aged 40; in gaol for the last fortnight; is now in typhus; committed by a creditor, his corn having been first seized and sold by the Rector of Malloy, under an Exchequer process.

"James Barry, aged 52; committed on an I. O. U. for 6l., balance of tithe, he having previously paid the Rev. Mr. Rider of Castle Lyons, the plaintiff, about 20l. for costs and tithes within the last four months."

From the Christian Watchman.

COVETOUSNESS.

The following extract of a letter from a Christian brother at the South, to his friend in this city, has been communicated for insertion in the Watchman.

"I have not seen the book you speak of (Harris' 'Mammon'); but the entire devotion to wealth—to getting money—the consideration paid to men of money, and the bare-headed debasement of the multitude to the rich few, is very revolting to me, and I feel it, see it, and hear it always, and often in New England, especially in —. I hope the time will come when the miserly rich shall no more be called liberal, nor the proud aristocrat, with his few trumpeted gifts, be called bountiful; but wealth will be sought as a means, and not the end. To do this, a great revolution must be made in dress, table and furniture of Christians. Our treasures must be filled with the moneys now so expended. I trust the day is near at hand when the expenditure of our Missionary Boards will render it as necessary for a man to retrench his expenditures in all these particulars, as it is now that he shall be a man of 'temperance,' and that spirits shall no longer grace the table or the side board. The temperance reform was a great change, but I hope it is only the beginning of changes. I am sure there are more gluttons than drunkards—more that die of dainties than of drinks,—and as to covetousness, it is a sin in the highest degree. Who would dare now in Boston from the pulpit class the characters of the third gallery, with the most respected, most venerated pew holders of the broad aisle, whose purses are regarded as the pillars of the church? And yet Paul has so classed them. 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. There is a great deal in the Bible yet to be preached."

From the Boston Recorder.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

A young gentleman from New York, Mr. John Hopper, recently visited Savannah, Georgia. Information was communicated to the mob, that he was the son of Mr. Isaac T. Hopper, a warm friend of emancipation. This outraged him. The mob entered the hotel by night, broke open his trunks, brutally assaulted his person, and he was rescued from their fury only by being seized by the city authorities and thrust into jail. With great difficulty he was removed to a vessel in the harbor; and while the populace, thirsting for his blood, were making arrangements to attack the vessel, he was in the dark sent to another vessel, four miles down the river, and thus escaped.

If a young gentleman from Georgia, were mobbed in New-York because his father was a slaveholder, the world would be moved by the outcry. And certainly our northern meekness is put to the extreme of endurance, when we hear of one of our citizens being mobbed because his father is opposed to slavery.

In reference to this occurrence, the Philadelphia Enquirer says:—"We have not space at this time, to express our feelings upon the abominable outrage here adverted to. An unsuspecting youth to be thus maltreated, *merely because he was known to be the son of a member of the society of which FRANKLIN was President.*

MYSTERIOUS DISPENSATION OF PROVIDENCE.

In the complicated and marvellous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place in the march of those which preceded them. When we first approach the apartments of the silk or ribbon weavers, we observe a little dirty wheel of brass spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment many yards distant from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from the loom, rivaling in its hues and tints, the rainbow. There are many events in our lives, the lapse between which was comparatively much greater than the distance between the wheel and the ribbon, but where the connection had been much more close. If a private country gentleman, in passing through Cheshire, (England,) about the year 1730, had not been overturned in his carriage, America, instead of being a republic at this moment, might have continued a dependant on England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esq., who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who became his wife, emigrated with him to America, and in 1732 became the mother of George Washington.

From the London Weekly Visitor.

GOD'S CARE OF THE TONGUE.

"What care," said an ancient Jewish rabbi, "has not the all-wise Creator bestowed on

the chief organ of speech. All the other principal members of the human body are situated externally, and that either upright or pending. The tongue alone is placed internally and in a horizontal position, that it may remain quiet and steady. Nay, that it might be kept within its natural bounds, he has encompassed it with two walls; one of ivory, the teeth, the other of softer substance, the lips. Further, to allay its intense ardor, he has surrounded it with an overwhelming rivulet, the salivary glands. Yet notwithstanding all this divine care, what mischief does it do! How many conflagrations does it raise! What destruction does it cause.

How descriptive and true are the words of the apostle James. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." "The tongue can no man tame," but it can be tamed and controlled, and sanctified by God. His grace can effectually subdue and sanctify this unruly member.—*London Weekly Visitor.*

ROBERT HALL'S FIRST SERMON.

He was appointed agreeably to the arrangement already mentioned, to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel. 1. Tim. iv. 10. "Therefore we both labor and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men; especially of those that believe." After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was therefore appointed to speak again on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room, exclaimed, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents; and who for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence.—*Greg.*

The effect of mental emotions on the condition of the human body, is sometimes very remarkable; of which fact a striking illustration is furnished in an anecdote related of the celebrated Dr. Rush. He was called to see a patient whom he had known in youth, and in whose father's field he had often watched an eagle on its nest, during the time of incubation.

The patient, who was a female, was extremely ill with the typhus fever, when the Dr. on entering the room, caught her eye and pronounced cheerfully the words—"the eagle's nest!" In a moment she seized his hand, without being able to speak, whilst her countenance gave evidence of strong emotion, caused probably by the recollection of the scene of her youthful enjoyments, and from that time she began to recover.

From the Buffalo Spectator.

LITTLE PEACE MAKER.

I went into a school of children in B——. While talking to the school, a wicked little boy six years old, doubled up his fist and struck his little sister sitting by him, four years old, on her head. She in the true spirit of war, doubled up her fist to strike back. Just as she was about to give the blow, the teacher caught her eye, and said to her:—"My dear, you had better kiss him."

In a moment the little girl's feelings all changed, she threw her arms around her brother's neck, and began to kiss him. He began to cry, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, the little sister wiped them away, and the more she tried to comfort him, the harder he cried. A kiss for a blow! This is overcoming evil with good. The little boy was cautious how he struck his sister again.

AGRICULTURAL.

Turnips, Corn, Potatoes, &c.—Assuming that 600 bushels of Swedish turnips, will grow upon an acre of land, which will produce 35 bushels of corn, and that 6 bushels of the Swedish, will fatten as much as one bushel of corn, it will be seen that one acre of ruta baga will go about as far in making beef, as three acres of corn, with the further advantage that the latter will cost four times as much labor in its culture, as the former. We have given an instance of the Swedes, yielding more than 1500 bushels to the acre, and the opinion of an intelligent feeder, that two bushels are as much for feeding, as one bushel of corn. The mangel wurtzel, the carrot and the parsnip, may be all raised in field culture, at about the same expense as corn, and will give as great a yield, and afford as much nutriment as the ruta baga. The potato, whose culture we are all well acquainted with, should be made to yield 300 bushels per acre; and these afford a more profitable food than grain. A bullock will consume from 120 to 140 pounds of ruta baga per day; but if full fed with this and other roots, they will consume but little hay, and have little or no occasion for water.

The following extract from the letters of Dr. Wilson, Editor of Zion's Advocate, which excellent articles we have read with great profit and pleasure, is dated at Roxborough, Pa., (near Philadelphia.) His remarks will apply equally well in nearly every latitude of our country.

"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR US IF WE HAD SUPPORTED OUR PASTOR!"

Mr. A. was a man of piety, of talent, and of a warm heart. We knew him well. He was just the man in whom you feel that you can safely confide—both in his integrity and judgment. Some time after our first acquaintance with him, he became pastor of a new and not wealthy church, in one of our principal cities. He preached with good acceptance and success. But the church did not give him an adequate support.—The wants of a rising family pressed upon him—he opened a school which succeeded well. In reflecting a few weeks since, on the bad effects of such a course, both on the church and ministry, we selected this example, as an exception to a general rule. We thought Mr. A. might be referred to as an example of a man who suffered far less than usual, by coming into contact with a school. He did not lose the fervency of his spirit, and he also pressed out time for pastoral visits. We did not know at the time of our first reflections on the case, that any of the church had yet felt that they had acted unwisely in withholding a competent support. Mr. A. closed his mortal labors about a year since. The Church are still without a pastor. In conversation a few days ago, one of the prominent members of the church said, "It would have been better for us if we had supported Mr. A. If he could have given himself wholly to the ministry, he would have been one of the ablest preachers in the city." The church has not formed a habit of supporting her pastor—that class of the community that are willing to sustain the gospel, have not come into the church—many pastoral labors absolutely essential to the work of keeping a church in order, were of necessity neglected. The evils now began to be more seriously felt, and while the pastor received more from his school than he could have expected in a full salary; the church now begin to feel how much they have suffered in the loss of those services which they were not sufficiently careful to secure. "It would have been better for us if we had supported our pastor." This must be a cutting reflection to a negligent church. Yet there is hope even in this. It is well that the deacons and leading members have discovered their error. It will be still better if they can show it to all the church. If the church discover and abandon this mistaken policy, they may hope to prosper.

The truth of the above extract is seen and felt to be corroborated in that which follows. It shows what a pious ministry can accomplish, when left to labor untrammelled with the cares of secular business. Nor will its force be diminished by the fact that we find it in the columns of a *unitarian paper*. If professors of a religion which evangelical Baptists have been accustomed to look on as excessively secularized, begin to use such language as the following, it is time for us to come back to primitive practices. The extract is from the *Chr. Register*.

POWER OF RELIGION—SUPPORT OF WORSHIP.

Who are moulding the minds of the rising generation? Who are doing most to encourage universal education, and patronize all liberal and useful science? Speaking generally, religious minds are they that are carrying forward human nature,—that are fostering the growth of intellect,—that are promoting secular and civil rights,—that are providing means to bless mankind,—that are restoring a fallen world to its primeval paradise.

Read history; look abroad on the world. Who first taught mankind to think? Men taught by God. Who unlocked the earliest treasures of knowledge? Men imbued with knowledge from on high. And in more recent times, who awoke the world from a night of ages? Christians. Who introduced civil and religious liberty? Christians. Who have ever taken the lead in the march of the human soul towards a higher and more excellent condition? Christians. Who are at this moment resuscitating the dead intellect, and kindling the torch of science in the dark places of the earth? Christians. In a word, who are putting forth an influence to reclaim this world of fallen, guilty, miserable minds to knowledge, to virtue, to God? Christians.

You will of course attach yourself to some religious society, have a name and a place in the house of worship, and give firm and constant support to a stated ministry. That you do this is essential to your character, both as a Christian, and a good citizen. In towns where the preaching of the gospel is not enjoyed, or where it is by most neglected, energy and independence of mind gradually expire. Parents and children sink down together imperceptibly under the dominion of the flesh, into the stupor of heathen intellect. Go through our country, and mark the surprising difference between those places which have long enjoyed the influence of an enlightened, pious ministry, and those which have not. And even in towns favored with a preached gospel, the children of those families which shun the house of God, and waste the sabbath at home or in the fields, will seldom come to anything good or great. Their history, like that of their fathers, will be briefly and sadly this: they were born, they ate, they drank, they were married, they had children like themselves, they died, they were buried, unknown and unknown, unblessed and unblessed.

From the N. Y. Observer.

PROTESTANTISM IN PORTUGAL.

A few weeks since we published the letter of the Rev. Mr. Rule, communicating the gratifying intelligence that Spain is open to the labors of Protestant missionaries; and we now have the pleasure of adding, on the authority of

an official statement of the directors of the European Missionary Society, in one of our London Magazines for March, that a Protestant missionary is laboring without interruption, and with very encouraging success, in Portugal. "About four months ago," say the directors, "Dr. Vincent Gomez, once a dignitary of the Spanish Church, but now conformed to the Church of England, was sent to Lisbon under the auspices, and at the expense of the European Missionary Society. His whole time and energy are devoted to missionary labors—to preaching in public—conversing with and instructing natives of various ranks in private—and the distribution of Bibles and religious publications. During that short period, his success has been most encouraging; he has experienced the utmost willingness to listen to the truths of the gospel; a congregation, now amounting to about 200 persons, assembles on every Sunday for the worship of God; and an inquiring, devotional spirit is manifested by those who attend the services of this infant church. No material obstruction has hitherto arisen from the authorities, or from the priesthood, since the present government is pledged to a wide extension of civil liberty, and professes not to interfere with the religious opinions of the people."

One letter received at the Society's office, says:—"The word preached has been undoubtedly blessed to two individuals, who have given most positive proofs, not only of their change of thought on matters of religion, but of a change of heart also."

Another letter says:—"It was quite delightful on the Sabbath evening to see so many, and these so very attentive at worship, especially as Sunday evening is generally devoted by the Portuguese to amusements. From what we already know, we have good reason to hope that the time is fast approaching when we shall witness the triumph of the Redeemer's cross in this land of darkness." And again: "Nearly a hundred persons were compelled to stand during the entire service on the last Lord's day." We want at least one hundred Bibles for the use of our congregation."

From the Christian Index.

O WHAT A PITY! WHAT A PITY!

Messrs. Editors:—The writer, some few months past, took a little trip some 50 or 60 miles Southwest. There he was credibly informed that there was a preacher, yes, a *Baptist Preacher*, in that community, who had ever been, and was then, a great opposer of all *benevolent institutions of the day!* such as Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies; Sunday Schools, and Temperance Societies. And very especially had warned and cautioned his churches and congregations, to be careful not to give their Preachers money, for fear they might become rich and proud. And what has been the result of all this? Just what we might have reasonably expected—Poverty. Let it not be thought that I cast any reflection upon the poor, or any laudable or lawful means of providing a comfortable support for those under our care. O, what a pity! what a pity! This poor man is reduced to the necessity of gearing up his horse and cart, and going to the Court-House, and other public places, and for what? To *sell Cakes* for a support! I am not a Preacher, but if I were, I am sure I could not preach after being in the busy bustle all the week, with such as generally revel around a cake cart! to hear them belch out their profane and wicked imprecations, with all their vain conversation. Now if this poor man's hands were unloosed, and instead of his being compelled to act thus, he could take the New Testament, read and study, think and meditate, reflect and pray, would it not be reasonable and Scriptural to conclude his preaching would be more acceptable to his Divine Lord and Master, and much more comforting and edifying to his hearers, but it may be he is well satisfied as it is. Poor man, I forbear. V. SANDFORD.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD AND HIS PARLIAMENT.

The Toronto Correspondent and Advocate says the spell of Sir Francis Bond Head's power is broken,—that he has been humbled before the Legislature, and compelled to recede from a stand he had taken, and boasted that he would maintain. The cause of the dispute, seems to be this:—certain of the Wyandott Indians complained of ill usage from the Executive, at the last session of the Provincial Assembly; but Sir Francis prevailed so far as to silence a projected inquiry through a Committee of the House. At the present session, the subject came up again, and a second time his excellency endeavored to prevent an inquiry, and after an animated debate, a committee was appointed to examine into the alleged grievances of the Wyandotts. Foiled in this, Sir Francis sought to render the investigation abortive by instructing those summoned before the committee, to refuse to answer any questions propounded to them. They did so, and were brought to the bar of the House and reprimanded by the Speaker. They were a second time brought before the committee, and a second time admonished to remain silent.

The House enraged at this, threatened to retaliate by refusing the supplies, when his excellency became alarmed, and receded from the high ground he voluntarily occupied. From this, it appears, that the spell of his omnipotence is broken, and with a House constituted of a large majority of his friends, ready as was supposed, to do his bidding, he has been signally humbled.

Materialism.—A pretended free thinker had been repeating a number of absurdities to prove that men have no souls. The company were contented with staring at him, instead of replying. He addressed a lady, and asked her with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me, sir," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast!"

For the Christian Secretary.

No. 7.

St. Mary's, Ga. March 1837.

Mr. Editor,

I herewith forward you a Register of the weather, kept by myself at this city during two months residence, from January 14th, to March 16th, with *Thermometer, Barometer, and Rain gauge*. This will afford a better idea of the temperature and climate than any other plan I can devise. A number of gentlemen now from St. Augustine, (invalids from the North,) say that the Thermometer at that city has been 3 or 4 degrees lower for a few mornings, than at this place, and ice nearly twice the thickness, being there half an inch, that place being immediately on the ocean is at times colder than a few miles in the interior.

Day of the Month.	A. M.	P. M.	Mean height of barometer through the day.	Average or mean quantity of rain-fallen in inches.	Face of Sky.	Prevailing Winds.
J. 14	52	55	52	53	30.40	4.23 rainy N. E.
15	42	47	38	42	30.65	clear N. W.
16	36	50	37	41	30.47	clear S. W.
17	36	56	51	47	30.30	clear S. W.
18	52	53	47	51	30.10	.55 rainy S. S. E.
19	50	60	43	51	30.37	cloudy S. W.
2	46	68	52	56	30.27	clear S. E.
21	49	51	45	49	30.15	.61 rainy N. W.
22	41	53	44	49	30.37	clear W.
23	46	58	44	51	30.54	clear N. W.
24	42	64	50	52	30.48	clear W.
25	48	46	46	47	30.50	2.70 rainy N. E.
26	40	49	40	43	30.38	cloudy N. W.
27	33	51	41	45	30.51	clear N.
28	36	54	46	46	30.59	cloudy N. W.
29	67	52	56	50	30.28	2.35 rainy N. E.
30	49	59	51	53	30.11	.05 rainy S. E.
31	47	63	47	52	30.44	clear S. W.
F. 1	53	69	53	53	30.45	clear S. W.
2	45	51	42	47	30.53	clear N. E.
3	41	60	44	48	30.55	cloudy N. W.
4	52	67	59	59	30.53	1.35 rainy S. E.
5	60	7	57	62	30.48	cloud N. E.
6	57	63	56	59	30.55	foggy N. E.
7	60	73	60	64	30.40	.23 rainy S. E.
8	63	74	62	66	30.09	rainy S. E.
9	49	59	47	52	30.40	clear W. & S.
10	42	55	45	47	30.55	clear N.
11	47	60	57	51	30.43	cloudy S. E.
12	49	57	46	51	30.43	.57 rainy W. by S.
13	40	55	45	47	30.77	clear N. E.
Total mean 51 30.42 12.64						
Mean temperature of the Month 51°						
do. Barometer, 30.42.						
Total amount of rain this month, 12.61, about 1/2 as much as falls in Connecticut in 12 months.						

Day of the Month.	A. M.	P. M.	Mean height of barometer through the day.	Average or mean quantity of rain-fallen in inches.	Face of the Sky.	Prevailing winds of the day.
F. 14	55	68	54	59	30.63	cloudy S. E.
15	67	76	65	63	30.40	cloudy S. S. E.
16	63	68	53	64	30.15	2.93 rainy S. W.
17	45	50	39	45	30.50	cloudy S. W.
18	31	42	37	36	30.30	clear N. W.
19	37	46	47	30.74		clear N. E.
20	51	42	55	56	30.51	cloudy N. E.
21	57	71	55	43	30.50	cloudy S. W.
22	63	73	64	67	30.55	cloudy S. E.
23	63	75	65	68	30.32	.30 rainy S.
24	52	64	50	55	30.52	clear N. W.
25	48	62	47	65	30.50	cloudy S. E.
26	51	60	55	55	30.50	cloudy N. E.
27	65	67	55	62	30.10	.43 rainy N. E.
28	37	51	40	43	30.56	clear W.
M. 1	11	66	50	53	30.68	cloudy S. W.
2	53	67	54	53	30.57	cloudy N. E.
3	52	54	52	53	30.45	.49 rainy N. by E.
4	44	38	36	39	30.62	.75 rainy N. by W.
5	37	54	42	44	30.76	clear N. by E.
6	50	67	54	47	30.70	clear N. W.
7	56	70	60	62	30.53	cloudy N. E.
8	60	68	60	63	30.43	.38 rainy S. E.
9	68	72	60	66	30.48	cloudy S. W.
10	56	60	50	56	30.51	cloudy N. E.
11	53	58	50	53	30.70	clear N. E.
12	57	7	60	50	30.50	rainy E.
13	65	60	63	63	30.36	rainy S. E.
14	60	64	51	52	30.38	2.75 rainy E. N. E.
15	63	60	48	54	30.50	.08 rainy W. N. W.
16	52	48	46	53	30.80	clear N. E. N. W.
56 30.51 8.12						
Average or mean temperature of the Month 56°						
do. Barometer 30.51.						
Amount of rain this month 8 inches and 12 hundredths.						
Mean temperature of the two months 53°						
Barometer 30.46.						
Total amount of rain in 2 months, 20.76 inches.						

Jan. 16. Ice in the morning 1-4 of an inch in thickness. Thermometer stood at 32° at

7 o'clock, on the 18th of Feb. the same Thermometer 30° at 7 o'clock.

Feb. 8th. Saw peach trees in blossom at Jefferson 23 miles North of St. Mary's, and bees were carrying farina.

10th. Do. Do. at Waynesville, about fifty miles Do.

15th. Do. in St. Mary's, and a variety of plums in all the above places.

March 1. Many trees and shrubs, in flower in the forest, such as the *wild olive*, and a splendid *yellow jessamine*, and many species of *whorled-berry*. One species of the latter an evergreen called *gall-berry* which nothing will eat—hangs loaded with black fruit. The wild olive tree is full of the fruit of last year, and the blossoms of this. A superb forest tree, and used also to ornament the gardens of the more wealthy citizens. Nearly all the trees of the forest are evergreens, except the *cypress* and the *gums*, and some *dead live oaks*. The *magnolias*, and the great variety of *Bay trees*, give the woods much the appearance of Summer, except the foliage of evergreens is much richer than our deciduous leaves. Beans, corn, and potatoes, are up and flourishing—Cabbage heads remain good in gardens during the winter, and the young plants constantly grow.

10th. Radishes are plenty, and old potatoes are \$2.00 a bushel, but peas and new potatoes in a week.

Affectionately yours,

AMICUS.

For the Secretary.

EVIDENCE OF INSPIRATION.

Mr. Editor,

The *harmony of the "Sacred Writings,"* is another evidence of their inspiration as conclusive, perhaps, as any we have cited. So far as the agency of man is concerned they are merely a *compilation*; for they are not the offspring of a single intellect, but the conjoint productions of many pious and gifted minds. The scriptures, indeed, consist of works composed at various periods, through the long lapse of fifteen hundred years, in different countries, in widely different states of society, and by men of every diversity of rank, of talent, and acquirements. And yet, despite of all these conflicting circumstances, what a perfect unanimity of sentiment and of feeling pervades them! Not a single discordant opinion is perceptible from *Genesis* to *Revelations*.

It is exceedingly material to our argument, derived as it is, from the *harmony of the Bible*, to recollect the fact that the subjects which the "Sacred Penmen" discuss, are in the highest degree *abstruse and difficult*—subjects which appertain to the *duties and character of man*, the *being and perfections of God*. How extremely perplexing it is for those even, of splendid genius and unbounded research, to discourse on themes of a *metaphysical nature*, and have their views agree in the more prominent outlines, especially when questions very important and abstract are to be considered. Even the most eminent *Historians*, living in the same age, and describing the same event, often come in direct collision with each other. And the more we examine the most labored and accurate *historical treatises*, or investigate the most brilliant intellectual achievements in any other department of composition, the more numerous and palpable will discrepancies appear.

While submitting their ideas upon the fundamental doctrines of religion, the most learned and critical *Theologians* not unfrequently disagree with themselves. And their inconsistencies are sometimes so glaring as to subject their authors to the *bitterest ridicule*. Survey the writings of the ablest and most distinguished *Divines*, that have flourished in both hemispheres, and you will perceive, at a glance, that they almost invariably lose sight of the *great principles* with which they start, that they assume *premises in haste*, and without previous reflection—and that they advance to their task with an utter incapacity to accomplish their design. Now all this is *natural*, & incident to the infirmities of the human mind. It is all that can reasonably be expected from mental weakness.

The *Bible*, on the contrary, exhibits, on the face of it, an entire freedom from such deplorable marks of *imperfectness*. Not a discordant note is struck from a single string of this melodious harp, by whatever hand it is swept. To be perfectly fair in instituting a comparison between the volume of revelation and the most brilliant and profound productions of mankind, it would, doubtless be desirable to select the compositions of a number of individuals upon the interesting topic of religion—compositions too produced in different ages, and under diverse circumstances—and bind them into a single volume. It would be well to remember in the mean time, that all these writers have possessed the incalculable advantage of founding their systems on the doctrines of the Scriptures.—And, after you have done it all to your complete satisfaction, you will find that you have only collected and combined a *heterogeneous mass of incongruous materials*. Just notice now the forcible consistency between the *Old and New Testaments*. They are not made up of fragments collected and adjusted without any connection, and simply to suit a particular convenience or taste, but comprise a regular and beautiful fabric, including the *acts of duty* which man is commanded to discharge, with all its manifold attendants and consequences, from the beginning to the end of time. A *wonderful harmony* subsists between them. Need we illustrate our statement? They harmonize then in their descriptions of the *infinite Jehovah*. They invest him alike with all the befitting and glorious attributes of the *eternal Godhead*. To be sure they write in every variety of style, and with various degrees of mental vigor and beauty. The "beloved disciple" writes differently from *Saint Luke*, the *Physician*. And the *Prophet*, the son of *Amos*, from *Ezekiel*, and the "sweet singer of Israel" from the "wise man." But to all the intents and purposes of

our argument an uninterrupted harmony pervades the whole volume.

One thing very striking and remarkable, (we do not allude to the *prophecies*, inasmuch as they, being partly *internal* and partly *external evidence*, are not embraced in the range of our remarks,) is the commencement of a *system of redemption*. The beginning of this vast and unfathomable system is typically represented by the *sprinkling and the shedding of blood*. An altar is erected, and a lamb is sacrificed for the sins of the people. This costly and splendid arrangement continued through the protracted period of the *Jewish dispensation*, until the faint shadow was merged in the overpowering brightness of the rising of the "sun of righteousness." The type, in itself, was utterly inefficacious, only as referring to the glorious *antitype*. Turn, for an instant, to *Paul's Epistles* to the *Hebrews*, and you will there discover how the types in the Old Testament Scriptures, were all consummated in the *Saviour's advent*. Every thing connected with the *ceremonial law* is here unfolded. Thus will the attentive reader perceive a plan, all whose parts are surprisingly united, and in perfect unison with each other, and infinitely superior to the loftiest conceptions of the mightiest intellect. In examining other books, we asserted that gross discrepancies would spring up before us from every page. Not so it is with the "Holy Scriptures." They have been examined by friends and by foes, in all ages, with the severest criticism—every line, and every word has passed, in times innumerable, through the fiery ordeal—and what has been the uniform result? Even what might at first, have appeared *discordant*, has become gradually *concordant*. This is the *Deity's* indelible impress. And precisely analogous is the case with the works of *Nature*. The more rigidly they are scrutinized, the more clearly, like the Bible, do they develop their entire symmetry and order. What appeared "without form and void," now reflects all the transcendent excellencies of *shape and proportion*. In proportion as you survey the works of art, however, in exactly the same proportion will their faults become conspicuous. Man is their author and finisher, and imperfection is their manifest characteristic.

But we must hasten to another respect in which the "Sacred writers," entirely harmonize—viz. the *moral code* they enforce upon our observance. The Bible contains a *code of laws* to regulate our daily deportment. We possess an epitome of this code in the *ten commandments*. Now in explaining and teaching these authoritative dictates of *Divinity*, all the *Penmen* coincide from *Moses* to the *Revelator*. There is still another theme on which it would be yet more difficult to write—the *doctrines of the Scriptures*. By this we mean the *character of God and of fallen man*, and the *plan of salvation* by Jesus Christ. Take for example the *sovereignty of God*. Where can we alight the eye upon a subject more deep, and *incomprehensible* than that? And yet, wherever any suggestions are offered on this point they perfectly agree. Precisely similar is the fact respecting the *other attributes of the Godhead*. Look, also, at the manner in which the *character of man* is universally represented, and see if you can detect a single clashing sentiment among the multifarious descriptions which are presented on well nigh every page of "Holy Writ!" And so, likewise, with regard to the plan of salvation—a plan which no created intelligence, however exalted, could by his proudest efforts have even conceived—one thing comes in here, and another there to effect the *symmetry and beauty* of this magnificent building, "the top-stone whereof shall be brought forth with shoutings of Grace! Grace! unto it!" The atonement is exhibited as the only ground of salvation by *Moses*, and *David*, and *Isaiah*, and *Paul*, and their accounts are precisely coincident. Considering then, the various authors of this invaluable compilation, and the different periods in which it was composed, and the different, and difficult subjects it discusses, does not its perfect harmony constitute internal evidence of its inspiration? The writers of the volume of revelation were either good or bad men. If good men they would never have asserted, so solemnly, that they were inspired, if the assertion was untrue; and if bad men they surely would never have inculcated such love to God and man, such universal benevolence, such sublime sentiments of the Deity, as abound in the Sacred word.

G. H.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Secretary.

No. 5.

Dear Brother Bolles,

On my way home from the south west section of the state, in accordance with previous arrangements, I visited the church in New Milford. It was about the middle of the afternoon when I arrived at the house of my much esteemed brother, Daniel Baldwin. As it was my intention to hold a meeting with the church, or if practicable, preach in the evening, I made no delay in giving notice to that effect; information was sent to the school, and through that medium, diffused through the village. We had a goodly number out, and I endeavored to preach the truth, and awaken them to a consciousness of the value of eternal things. I trust the opportunity we enjoyed will not be lost. May it tell upon the happy state of many—upon the miserable state of none.

This church belongs to the Union Association—numbers 91 members, and is under the pastoral care of brother Elisha Baldwin, upon whom his brethren unitedly bestow the highest possible commendation

er and his family, was most gratifying. We passed the time in conversing on the things of the kingdom of Christ, and I found his heart much interested in promoting this great and glorious concern, and not only the heart of the father, but of the mother and of the children—at least some of them. Brother Baldwin is not dependent upon the people to whom he preaches, for his support; he has a comfortable property of his own, which in the most important sense, he does not consider his own, but holds at the disposal of the Lord, and is cheerful in aiding, as far as he is able, all objects of Christian benevolence. The faithful pastor of the church, and many of his brethren and sisters, I ascertained were like minded with this brother.

It is a low time in religion here. The brethren appeared to feel they were where they ought not to be, and that it was high time to awake out of sleep, and be more engaged in prayer, in watchfulness, in attending on the means of grace, and in all things relating to the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

I left New Milford under the full conviction that the Lord has a praying people there—that the church is a plant of his own planting, and that he will water it and cause the genial influences of the sun to fall upon it, and make it grow, and bring forth fruit abundantly. Although this church numbers about 90 members, it may be considered as somewhat feeble, owing to the scattered state of its members, and to another circumstance which exists in many of our churches—that most of its members are poor. They have a Sabbath School, Bible Class and Library, and the last year contributed fifty-four dollars for benevolent objects.

After an absence of about three weeks, I returned home, and found my family in comfortable health, with the exception of colds and a slight feverish habit in one of its members. The Lord, to whose care I had committed them when I left, had held them in his holy keeping, and no harm had come upon them. And I too had been preserved. He had watched over my path. The Lord had been on my right hand and on my left. He had carried me out and brought me back again in safety. Praise, forever praised be his great and holy name, for all his goodness and mercy.

I love to notice the dealings of God with me—to mark the events of his hand; and I love to cherish deep in my heart, the feeling that it is in God I live, move, and have my being;—that by his all sustaining power I am preserved in existence—and that on this power hangs every day, and hour, and moment of my life. Yes, these are the thoughts I love to cherish deep in my heart, and may I not cease to cherish them as long as my deathless spirit shall be an inhabitant of this frail and dying body.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths." Here is an important duty enjoined, and most precious promise made sure to the obedient. If God is in all our thoughts—if we regard him in our motives, dispositions and purposes; in our families, our different associations and multifarious business transactions;—if, when we go out, we look to him for a blessing, and when we return we gratefully acknowledge his kind, protecting hand;—and if in engaging in earthly enterprises, we engage in such only, as upon calm reflection, we are authorized to believe are in harmony with the precepts of his holy word—then shall we be armed against the temptations that are in the world; and truly we need to be armed at every point, for our temptations are many and powerful and insidious. It appears to me that in the present day, Christians as much need that power of godliness, which springs from union of thought and affection with Jesus Christ, to resist worldly mindedness, i. e. a disposition to flatter and prevaricate—a thirst for fashion and greatness and speculation, as did Christians in the early ages, or those of the reformation, to support and comfort them under those overwhelming torrents of persecution, which hurried thousands to dungeons, tortures and death.

I had engaged to be in New Haven on Lord's day, Jan. 15th. Having remained two days with my family, I again commended them and myself, to the care of our heavenly Father, and left on the 13th for Southington. On my way, I passed through Bristol and left an appointment to preach the following Tuesday evening, on my return. Pursuing my journey, I arrived at the house of brother Irenus Atkins, at sunset. A prayer meeting had been appointed here; a number came in, and we passed two hours pleasantly, and I trust with much profit, in prayer and Christian conference. The following day I rode to New Haven, having left an appointment to preach in Southington on my return.

The church in New Haven belongs to the Association which bears its name; it numbers 203 members, and is under the pastoral care of our highly esteemed brother, Rollin H. Neale. Under his faithful and very acceptable labors, the interests of the church and congregation have much increased. They have a spacious and substantial stone meeting-house, which, within two years, has been much enlarged. Its present dimensions are, I think, 50 by 80; it is surmounted with a cupola—has several apartments in the basement, for conference, sabbath schools, &c. and in all respects speaks well for the liberality and correct feeling of those to whom it belongs.

This church is interested in promoting the benevolent institutions of the day. I did not have opportunity of making as many enquiries relative to the minutia of their proceedings with regard to the different objects of benevolence, as I could have wished. My good brother Neale, at that time, was in an unsettled state; he was about moving, or rather had begun to move, and Saturday evening had overtaken him before he had finished, so that much of his attention was necessarily given to concerns of a domestic character. However, I may safely say they do not mean to be behind their brethren, in efforts to promote the rising interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. In general, they

are united among themselves, and in their pastor, and make it their own concern to see that he is comfortably sustained. He informed me they had lately added 200 dollars to his salary, making it 1000 dollars a year. It was gratifying to me to observe, that circumstances authorized the belief that the relation between the pastor and the church here, is permanent. There is a good state of religious feeling—a good congregation on the sabbath, and an interest in attending the various meetings of the church.

During my short stay here, I took lodgings with our good brother Alling, who with his wife gave me a hearty welcome to bed and board, and with whom I had a very pleasant visit.—They are both valuable members of the church.

New Haven is a neat, thriving and charming city. The great number of lofty elms with which the public square is ornamented, and the various other trees, both for use and ornament, which rise here and there in every section of the city, give it in the distance, a decidedly rural appearance. It is the seat of the muses. Yale College is here—second to no literary institution in the country, whose sons are scattered over the Union, many of whom are spreading around them the literary, scientific and religious influence they inhaled from Alma Mater. The public square is a delightful spot, as you view it from the east, and here and there, through the foliage of the graceful elms, catch a glimpse of the colleges and other public buildings: the effect is altogether exhilarating.

The interests of the mechanic, the manufacturer and merchant, are in a prosperous condition. New Haven invites to her shades and to her enterprise, alike the man of business and the man of retirement.

Very affectionately yours,
GEORGE PHIPPEN.

For the Secretary.

No. 6.

DEAR BROTHER BOLLES,

I left New Haven on Monday morning, and passing through Wallingford and Meriden, arrived at Southington in season for my appointment. The morning, though cold, was pleasant for the season. As the day advanced the air grew bland—very comfortable riding—appearances indicated a still milder atmosphere—the two preceding days extremely cold.

There has been a Baptist Church in Southington for many years. They have passed through scenes of prosperity and adversity.—At the time the present pastor, Rev. Irenus Atkins, commenced his successful course of labor with them, they were in a very low state, apparently on the borders of dissolution. Under God the means used proved a rich blessing, the Church was revived, sinners were converted, the congregation increased and the whole concern wore a new, more lovely and promising appearance. This church also belongs to the New Haven Association, numbers 151 members and is under the care of an active and faithful pastor.

With very limited means they have within a few years, made a noble effort to build a Meeting-house. They have succeeded, and have a beautiful and spacious house, in the centre of the village, on the very spot where it should be; it is surmounted with a tower, and bell, and the basement is neatly finished for the accommodation of the Church for lectures, prayer meetings, conferences, &c.

The Congregational Meeting-house is within a few rods—this also, is a new and spacious building. There is also a small Episcopal church here, I believe it is not in a very prosperous condition. An academy too, and several delightful private dwellings, all in the village, which give it a peaceful and cheering air.

I am not certain, that there is any special attention to religion in this church at the present time. If I do not mistake however, I was told there were some encouraging cases, and that appearances were favorable for a revival,—our good brother Atkins is even now reaping the reward of his toils, in the very pleasant and encouraging circumstances, with which he is surrounded; may he reap an hundred fold more in this world and in the world to come, life everlasting.

In the morning took leave of my kind friends, Br. and sister Atkins, and started for Bristol, where I arrived about noon. This Church also belongs to the New Haven Association, and numbers 156 members, and is under the pastoral care of our good brother Orsamus Allen. His labors have been much blessed, since he has sustained his present relation to this church. The members have been quickened and built up in their most holy faith, and numbers have been added to them of such as we hope will be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. At different periods of her existence, this church has enjoyed seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. As a body she does not mean to be behind her sister churches, in patronizing the various objects of Christian benevolence, and one of her members in particular, to whom the Lord has given much, is ever cheerful to set his brethren a worthy example of Christian munificence.

Here also, is a neat and convenient Meeting-house with a steeple and bell, and a very pretty and commodious conference room adjoining. It is situated on the West-street, and in the neighborhood of most of the Church and Society. There are three other houses for public worship in Bristol, one for the Congregationalists, one for the Episcopalians, and one for the Methodists. They are all new and beautiful buildings. And upon the Sabbath each house has a respectable congregation.

Bristol has a population of a little short of 2000, and is one of the most thriving manufacturing towns in the Union. I am not able to enumerate the various articles which are made, there have however, lately been built two large carriage manufactories, and there are clock manufactories in abundance. I know of no country town within 20 miles of Hartford, which has altered in appearance so much within

in 20 years as Bristol. At that time there were very few painted houses in it, and I judged not overstocked with men of enterprise. Now most of the dwelling houses are painted white, many of them with green blinds, in general are very neat, some beautiful, and a few elegant. The whole population is active, industrious, and enterprising. The various manufactories employ a large number of young people, some of whom have doubtless fixed principles and are decidedly religious, while others are loose in principles, and in heart strangers to God and his Son Jesus Christ, and many of these young men, and women, are not stationary—the present year they are in Bristol, and the next they are away.—What a field for labor for a faithful minister of the gospel. How desirable these youth should become truly religious! on their own account principally, but also on account of the influence they are capable of exerting on the different circles in which from year to year they move. May our worthy brother Allen be the honored instrument of the conversion of many of them.

I found lodgings, as I usually do when in Bristol, at the house of my good old friend, br. Harvey Case. Passed the afternoon in reading and arranging my thoughts for the evening. It was cold and there were not many out at the lecture; we had a comfortable season however, and I hope God will bless his word there preached to the souls of those who heard.

The previous Sabbath had been extremely cold, and the wind was high. My lodgings were remote from the Meeting-house and much of the way lay open to the wind, and being warm when I left the Meeting-house, I had taken a severe cold upon my lungs. Had felt no great inconvenience in preaching last evening, but before I finished to-night, I found myself so hoarse, it was with much difficulty I finished my discourse. After meeting, returned home with br. Case, and passed the remainder of the evening in agreeable conversation.—Took leave of my hospitable friends in the morning and started for home, where I arrived at noon, and through the Lord's mercy found all well.

During the past six months I have been more from my family than I ever was before in the same length of time, and have travelled farther, but the Lord has watched over me, and kept me in the way and brought me back unharmed. Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless his holy name.

Feeling inclined to see and converse with some of my brethren in Hartford, relative to the objects of my appointment, and the best method of securing those objects, as also to obtain their advice on some matters of equal interest to themselves and me, I rode there on Friday, and passed several hours in conversation with different brethren, relative to the subjects above named. Having arranged matters to my mind and in harmony with them, I returned home in the evening, intending by leave of Providence to start for Colebrook on Saturday morning and pass the Lord's day with the first Church. But the fury of the storm in conjunction with the state of my health, forbid my leaving home. I concluded to remain at home and preach to the people of my former charge. The storm however, raged violently through the whole of the Sabbath, and there were none in the village who ventured from their dwellings. The day was spent in regular worship in my own family.

The church in Canton has been destitute of stated preaching the past winter, and the brethren have not felt inclined to assemble together for social worship, on the Sabbath. It was a source of trial to myself and family, that we should be so circumstanced in the Providence of God, as to be unable to attend public worship—we resolved therefore, that the regular hours of public worship, should be set apart in the family, for prayer, and praise, and reading the scriptures, or a sermon, or both, and we have no doubt the blessing of the Lord has attended these means of grace.

Forsoke not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, is the solemn injunction of God, and it is enforced by a consideration, which ought to come home to every heart, and rouse every conscience, and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.

When a professor of religion is indifferent to the public worship of God, he should be alarmed for himself, it is a dark mark against him, extreme heat or cold, the toils of the preceding week, or distance from the house of God, will rarely excuse him. Our fathers gladly went up to the house of the Lord upon the Sabbath, though many of them were obliged to travel five, ten, fifteen, twenty miles. And when the distance was too great, they would go a Saturday, take their provisions with them, or call upon a beloved brother, and return on Monday.

Very affectionately yours,
GEORGE PHIPPEN.

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, APRIL 29, 1837.

In reply to an article in a former number of the Sec., respecting advice to be given by pastors to female slave members of churches on "a delicate subject," the Baptist Banner (of Kentucky) holds the following language:—

We are astonished that so respectable a paper as the Secretary, should give circulation to such a vile slander. No sensible man from the non-slave-holding States, ever travelled among the slaves of the South and West, but pronounced their moral condition better than that of the free colored people of the North. They are in every respect a more honorable class, and in a far better condition. No man ever heard such a sentiment in a Slave State as the one expressed in the above extract. It is a slander upon the church and the South West. It is a mere chimera, to be found nowhere but in the brains of northern abolitionists, and amalgamationists.

It is with profound grief that we assure the editor of the Banner, that the allusion was not false; it was not a fabrication; that is, if a personal acknowledgment

of such a thing by a man of undoubted veracity is evidence in the case. We did not allude at all to the "South West;" Kentucky is, for aught we know, clear of it.

To the rest of his remarks we only say, he is totally mistaken. Here we drop it, till the day when God will judge the quick and the dead.

An Examination of the Pelagian and Arminian Theory of Moral Agency as recently advocated by Dr. Beecher in his "Views in Theology." By Joseph Harvey. New York: Ezra Collier, 148 Nassau Street. pp. 223.

A copy of this interesting work has been laid upon our table. Its mechanical execution is good, its appearance plain and neat. We have been unable to command time to give it a careful reading; but have glanced at its pages sufficiently to venture an opinion that the author has done his work with ability. Whether he has achieved a victory or not we pretend not to decide; one thing, however, seems evident from what we have read, that the Rev. Lyman Beecher meets in the person of the Rev. Joseph Harvey, a man every way competent to follow him through any sinosity of theological positions he may be supposed to advance, and to dissipate any abstruse mystification with which the former gentleman may be capable of investing either the philosophy of conversion, or doctrine of the gospel. We do not hesitate to say, that we think the "Examination" a timely production, and recommend it to the serious attention of all ministers of the gospel. The "Contents" are inserted as the readiest way of showing the plan and method of the author in treating of different subjects embraced in the work.

Contents.

Section I. Existing discussions to be settled by a reference to first principles. Sec. II. Explanation of terms. Sec. III. Statement of the Theory. Sec. IV. Dr. Beecher's first position examined. Sec. V. Second, third, and fourth position of Dr. Beecher. Sec. VI. Fifth and sixth position of Dr. Beecher. Sec. VII. Seventh position of Dr. Beecher. Sec. VIII. Dr. Beecher's eighth and thirteenth position. Sec. IX. Results of the examination. Sec. X. Tendency and fruits of the Theory. Appendix.

FATAL OCCURRENCE.—Drowned in Connecticut River, on Tuesday of this week, Mr. William K. Kelsey, aged 27, son of Mr. Levi Kelsey. Mr. K. was superintendent of a Lumber yard, and on the fatal morning went alone to a raft of logs lying in a retired place, about one fourth of a mile above the Great Bridge; and there, as it appears, fell between the logs and perished. As he told no one where he was going, his absence occasioned no alarm, it being supposed he had gone out of town on some urgent business. On Wednesday morning, a laborer in the yard visited the raft, and found on the water a memorandum book and handkerchief, usually carried by Mr. K. in his hat. This led to a search, which soon resulted in the recovery of the body.

Mr. Kelsey was a very estimable young man; his probity, diligence, and uprightness, had secured him the good opinion of all who knew him. The death of such a man is a loss to community; and his afflicted parents and others, have the strong sympathy of an extensive circle of their friends, and those of their deceased son.

Distressing.—Emily C. Wood, a little girl 10 years of age, daughter of Hiram and Melinda Wood, was burnt to death at her father's house, near Washington College, in this city, on Friday night, last week.—*Courier.*

The Rev. Amos SNELL has removed to, and become pastor of the Baptist Church of Wilbraham and Monson; and requests that all communications hereafter, be directed to him at South Wilbraham, instead of Monson, as formerly.

General Intelligence.

IF Most kinds of provisions are rapidly falling in New York. Flour can now be bought there for about \$9. The arrival of immense quantities of foreign wheat is said to have affected the price of this article.

The whole number of failures in this city within the last two months is upwards of a hundred, without including sundry small dealers whose misfortunes attract no public attention. An intelligent friend who has taken pains to inform himself as to the facts, is of opinion that the aggregate liabilities of the suspended houses is more than fifty millions. It should be observed, however, that most of the houses in question, will be able ultimately to pay all their debts.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

There is much distress in the manufacturing districts of Europe, by reason of the derangement in commercial affairs throughout the world, which causes a great diminution in the demand for goods, and consequently throws many workmen out of employment.—The Mayor of Lyons arrived in Paris on the 14th ult. to lay before the government the deplorable state of the working classes within his jurisdiction.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

Opening of the Erie Canal.—Navigation commenced on the 20th instant. On that day 43 boats cleared at Albany for the westward. These boats paid toll to the amount of \$4,406. Last year only 12 boats cleared on the first day.

Accounts from Liverpool state, that the Bank of England has authorized the Bank of the United States to draw on them for £2,000,000, about \$8,800,000. This will afford a morsel of relief to American merchants.

A new French Minister, Mons. Laportier, has arrived in the United States.

More Indian Disturbances.—Information from camp Mason, in the Prairies, has been received at Little Rock, Arkansas, confirming former statements respecting the hostile intention of the Camanches, and other wild tribes towards the whites and friendly Indians. All is commotion among the various hunting parties of the friendly tribes; they are collecting together with the intention of sending, as stated, their wives and children to their homes. The Delawares and Shawnees have experienced the displeasure of the Camanches already; some barely escaped with their lives, losing their horses and other property. Several white women are prisoners among the Camanches and Kiaways, and can scarcely be ransomed at any price. Open hostilities are anticipated, which it is feared may light up the whole frontier with the flames of savage warfare.

Disgraceful Scenes in Murray County, Geo.—A letter in the Milledgeville Standard, received by Gov. Schley, and dated New Echota, March 2d, gives a disgraceful picture of affairs in Murray County, in that State. On the 27th Feb. at daybreak, fifty armed men, headed by the sheriff of the county, forcibly entered the house of Spring Place under the color

of State authority, made prisoners of the citizens, and then, having seized 54 muskets, pistols, &c., deposited there belonging to the State, burnt the same in the public square. The ruffians, after treating the citizens with great brutality, marched off ten of them under the escort of the sheriff, to the county jail of Cass County at Capersville. There by a writ of habeas corpus, they were discharged. Several other citizens have been whipped, shot at, and abused in various ways. It is reported that women and children have been whipped by the same gang. These latter are said to be renegades and outlaws. What must be the condition of things in Georgia, when not only such outrages are permitted, but sanctioned and led on under the very law officers like the sheriff specially appointed to suppress all riots and disturbances.—*N. Y. Star.*

Professor Dewey, during his experimental lecture at Rochester, a few days since, by mistake placed a steel rod in a receiver of hydrogen and oxygen, which course produced an immediate explosion. The shock extinguished most of the lights—stunned the audience—broke a large portion of the glass vessels belonging to the laboratory—and cut Mr. Dewey's face and hands quite badly. The experiment should have been made in a receiver of hydrogen alone.

Cure of L. C. Jan.—Among the horses exhibited at the West Suffolk agricultural show, was a fine cart mare, the property of Col. Rushbrook, which was some time since seized with a locked jaw, and was perfectly cured by pouring cold water along the back, from a watering pot, without intermission, for a considerable time; the application having been recommended by an eminent London veterinarian. This affection has been generally considered incurable.—*English Paper.*

COUNTERFEITERS.—Extraordinary Developments.—Dr. Z. H. Munroe, and Josiah Merritt, Esq., of the village of Havana, Chenango Co., have been bound over on the charge of passing counterfeit \$5 bills on the Amherst Bank, Mass. A man named Stoenburg, who turned State's evidence, has been smuggled off to prevent any testimony. In Penn Yan, Yates Co., a similar scene, says the Elmira Republican, is going on, and a nest of hard money counterfeiters has been discovered in Seneca Co., near Ovid.—*Star.*

MURDER.—Mr. Israel H. Russell was recently murdered at West Hopkinton, N. H. by John S. Titcomb, under very peculiar circumstances. They were both single men under 30 years of age, and boarded together and labored in the same shop at the coopering business. The murder took place a little before noon; and as Titcomb went to dinner, he was so agitated and pale as to excite the attention of the mistress of the house, and she asked him what was the matter? Sec. On inquiry where Russell was, he was greatly disconcerted, and pretended that he remained behind to complete a certain job. He sat quietly, returned to the shop, and set it on fire. It was soon in a blaze, and people collected in considerable numbers, Titcomb among the rest. The fire was not subdued until the roof fell in, when the body of Russell was found with his head, arms and legs broken. A person went into the shop about 11 o'clock, and found Titcomb and Russell discussing the question, "whether people are predisposed to murder each other for money?" During a short discussion, Titcomb remarked that people would sometimes commit murder without any hope of gain. This remark, however, made no impression upon the young man's mind, and he withdrew, leaving Russell and Titcomb busy at their work.

From the New York Express.

PRICES IN NEW YORK, April 20.

Flour—Is in a very languid state. Western nominal at 10 a 10 1/2. New York at all prices, from 7 to \$9.

Wheat—The supply of Wheat continues immense. Indeed some of the shippers are re-shipping to England. Sales of about 5000 bushels since Saturday last, at 1 1/4 a 1 1/2. The inferior descriptions are not saleable.

Rye—Is also on the decline: sales at 85 a 90 cts; 6000 bushels by auction, at 72 a 73.

Oats—54 cents

Corn—Maryland 83 a 85.

MARRIED.

In this city, Mr. William West, of Richmond, Mass. to Miss Martha Avery.

At Litchfield, by the Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. William F. Noyes, of Stonington, to Miss Julia E. King, of Litchfield.

At Southwick, Mass., April 4th, Mr. Sidney Birge, of Suffield Conn., to Miss Adeline Noble, daughter of Horace Noble.

DIED.

In this city, on the 15th inst. Mr. George A. Muran, aged 16.

At Newington, on the 25th inst. Lydia, the wife of Col. Joseph Camp, and youngest daughter of Robert Francis, Esq. aged 31.

On board schr. Avon, on his passage from New Orleans to Mobile, Capt. Samuel Larkin, of Wethersfield, aged 46.

In this city, on Wednesday morning, within an hour of each other, Sarah F., aged 4 years, and Benjamin B., aged 2 years, children of Mr. Wm. Crocker.

Mrs. Florida Hyde, aged 58.

At Natchez, Miss, April 2d, Mr. Hiram Barber, aged 33, of New Hartford, Ct. (Particulars next week.)

SOUTH BAPTIST CHURCH.

THE Slaves in the South Baptist Church will be rented at Auction for one year, on Wednesday, the 10th day of May next, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

ALBERT DAY,
HENRY BURGESS,
JOHN WING, JR.,
WARHAM GRISWOLD,
MASON GROSS.

April 21.

JUST PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE

BY
CANFIELD & ROBINS,

And Booksellers Generally.

MEMOIR of Rev. GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, D. D., Late Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn.

WITH SIX SERMONS,

on the Peculiar Sentiments of the Baptist Denomination, preached by him before his Congregation 1834 and 5. By Abigail Davis.

April 29.

JUST PUBLISHED

And for Sale by the Subscribers and Booksellers Generally.

MEMOIR of Rev. WM. CAREY, D. D., Late Missionary to Bengal; Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Fort William Calcutta, By Eustace Carey. With an Introductory Essay by Rev. JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D. D., Late President of Waterville College.

CANFIELD & ROBINS.

April 29.

MISS DRAPER'S SEMINARY.

The Summer Term of MISS DRAPER'S SEMINARY, will commence on Wednesday, the 10th of May next.

April 7, 1837.

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POETRY.

From the Mothers' Monthly Journal.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

Mother! amid thine hours of care,
To render wise thy children's minds,
Forget not that the hand of prayer
The richest, surest wisdom finds.

Earth's wisdom, early sought and found,
As early seeks the prayerless grave;
But that which springs from sacred ground
Shall live like Him who wisdom gave.

At morn and night, at home, abroad,
While on thy soul thine offspring lie,
Remember that alone the Lord
Can every opening want supply.

What if the light of Rome or Greece
Were centered in each plastic heart?
Could it ensure perennial peace,
Or pluck from Death his stinging dart?

Mother! bethink thee. Turn and pray,
While yonder soul turns o'er the page;
Thou knowest not what darkling day
May lower around its future age!

Pray—that the light of God and Heaven
May to its deathless soul be given;
Pray—that the wisdom of the just
May be its care, its joy, its trust.

Then, as thy sinking, dying head
Seeks some lone place among the dead,
That child may on a Christian breast
Afford thy throbbing temples rest,
And meet, and clasp, and hallow thee,
Throughout a glad eternity. C. W. D.

WESTERN GERMANY.

The editor of the Boston Recorder has received a series of letters from a correspondent who has been travelling on the continent of Europe, and has commenced publishing them in the Recorder. We make the following extract from one of the letters.

Hamburg is a very important city, one of the most so in Europe. It stands on the Elbe, about eighty miles from the Ocean. It has a population of near 130,000 souls. The wealth and commerce of this city are great. It is, in fact, the great outlet and inlet for the commerce of a great part of Prussia and Saxony, besides some other and less important portions of Germany.

It is an interesting fact that this city owes its existence to Christian enterprise. It was at first, about a thousand years ago, a missionary station, planted by the orders of Charlemagne.

There are in Hamburg five or six Lutheran churches, and one German Reformed. These are connected with the state and supported by it. But few, I fear, of the many pastors of these churches (each church has from two to five or six pastors) are evangelical. Perhaps three or four may be said to preach the true, and proper divinity of Jesus Christ and salvation through Him alone. The others are Rationalists, so far as they have any systematic views of religion. Besides these churches, there is a small and interesting French church, composed of the descendants of the French refugees who left France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and at other periods. This church has an evangelical pastor in the Rev. M. Saintes. There is an English congregation of Independents, and also one of the adherents of the Established Church which is connected with the British Embassy, and partly supported by it. The Independent church has from two to three hundred attendants, and is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. M. Rheeder, who is a faithful preacher, and a most valuable member of the Tract and Bible Societies of this city. And I may here remark, that the Bible and Tract causes have advanced greatly and steadily at Hamburg. The latter society has published a large number of tracts, and has disseminated them widely. It has been greatly aided from England and the United States.

There is also at Hamburg a Baptist church, under the charge of an excellent man, who is in the employment of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

But the most interesting fact which I met with at Hamburg, and which shows that religion is advancing in that city amid many difficulties, is this:—There are there 14 or 15 pious young men who have been educated in the German universities for the ministry. These young men are what are called *candidatis*; that is, they have completed their studies, and are licensed, but are not settled. They are expecting appointments to vacancies as they occur in the little republic at Hamburg. But I fear that the ecclesiastical and political authorities, who have these appointments in their power, and who are mostly Rationalists, will not be likely soon to employ them as pastors. Meanwhile they have labored most assiduously in holding Sunday Schools, visiting the sick, &c. I know not when I ever met with a more affecting fact than is here presented to our view. Here are excellent young and faithful men laboring mostly without the encouragement of the pastors, holding monthly meetings for prayer, for the conversion of the world, attended by some hundreds of people who love the Saviour, but at which not more than one or two or three of the pastors of the German churches are ever seen. These young men are now trying to found a missionary institution like that of Basle in Switzerland, to prepare young men to go to the heathen. May the Lord bless abundantly these dear young men, and convert the hearts of unconvinced pastors in Hamburg. Pray much for them, and for that city, that the Lord would be pleased to convert it, and make it a city of holiness; for it is now a city of uncommon wickedness.

The city of Lubec stands on the Drave, 12

miles from the Baltic, and about 40 from Hamburg. It is an interesting old city. Religion is revived here in a very pleasing manner. The Rev. Dr. Geibel who preaches in the German Reformed Church in that city, and who, I may remark, is one of the very best men I have ever seen, told me that when he began to preach in the city of Lubec, he was the only evangelical minister in it. But now every church in that city (and there are some six or seven, for a population of 25,000) has one or more evangelical pastors. Thus you see that the blessed work is going forward in Western Germany. In my next I shall speak of Southern Germany.

From the N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

A book of travels, in two volumes, is in the press of Harper & Brothers, which we think will be read with as much satisfaction and interest as have attended the appearance of any similar record for many years. The writer is a gentleman—a young gentleman we may say—of this city, and his wanderings have been through regions little explored, either by Europeans or Americans. They include Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land, and especially the denominated and mysterious Idumea, into which only Burckhardt, Seetzen, Laborde, and a party of Englishmen have ever penetrated. The long lost and wonderful city of Petra—the Edom of the old Testament—whose very existence was unknown until it was discovered, through infinite peril and difficulty, by the indefatigable Burckhardt, was first explored by our persevering townsman, under the guidance of a sheik and a party of the wildest Bedouins; and from thence he passed on, directly through the ruined and desolate land of Idumea, to the ancient capital of Judaea, the city of Hebron, and beyond that to Jerusalem, by a route never before accomplished, unless by the Arabs, and, perhaps, by the armies of Mohemet Ali, the pacha of Egypt, under the command of the conquering Ibrahim. The personal adventures attendant upon this journey, among the Bedouins of the desert, are full of the richest and most varied interest, and are narrated with singular animation and graphic felicity.

[We cannot but regret that this talented young traveller does himself abundantly more credit by his spirited and graphic descriptions than by his want of integrity and manly regard to truth.—Ed. Guardian.]

THE TOMB OF AARON, ON MOUNT HOR.

A man rising from a tomb with all his clothes on, does not require much time for the arrangement of his toilet. In less than half an hour we had breakfasted, and were again on our way. Forgetting all that had engrossed my thoughts and feelings the day before, I now fixed my eyes on the tomb of Aaron, on the summit of Mount Hor. The mountain was high, towering above all the rest, bare and rugged to its very summit, without a tree or even a bush growing on its sterile side; and our road lay directly along its base. The Bedouins again began to show an unwillingness to allow my visit to the tomb; and the sheik himself told me that it would take half the day, and perhaps be the means of bringing upon me some of the hordes I had escaped. I saw that they were disposed to prevent me from accomplishing my object; and I felt sure that if we met any strange Arabs, my purpose would certainly be defeated. I suspected them of stratagem, and began to think of resorting to stratagem for myself. They remembered the sheep, however, and told me that the sacrifice could as well be performed at the base as on the summit of the mountain; but this, of course, would not satisfy my conscience.

With my eyes constantly fixed on the top of the mountain, I had thought for some time that it would not be impracticable to ascend from the side on which I was. Paul and I examined the localities as carefully as a couple of engineers, seeking an assailable place to scale the wall of a fortified city; and afraid to wait till they had matured some plan of opposing me, I determined to take them by surprise; and, throwing myself from my horse, and telling Paul to say that we would climb the mountain here, and meet them on the other side. I was almost out of hearing before they had recovered from their astonishment. Paul followed me, and the sheik and his men stood for some time without moving, irresolute what to do; and it was not until we had advanced considerably on the mountain, that we saw the caravan again slowly moving along its base. None of them offered to accompany us, though we should have been glad to have one or two with us on our expedition.

For some distance we found the ascent sufficiently smooth and easy—much more so than that of Mount Sinai—and, so far as we could see before us, it was likely to continue the same all the way up. We were railing at the sheik for wanting to carry us round to the other side, and congratulating ourselves upon having attempted it here, when we came to a yawning precipitous chasm, opening its horrid jaws almost from the very base of the mountain. From the distance at which we had marked out our route, the inequalities of surface could not be distinguished, but here it was quite another thing. We stood on the brink of the chasm, and looked at each other in blank amazement; and at a long distance, as they wound along the base of the mountain, I thought I could see a quiet smile of derision lighting up the grim visages of my Bedouin companions. We stood upon the edge of the chasm looking down into its deep abyss, like the spirits of the departed lingering on the shores of the Styx, vainly wishing for a ferryman to carry us over, and our case seemed perfectly hopeless without some such aid. But the days when geni and spirits lent their kind assistance to the sons of men are gone; if a man finds himself in a ditch he must get out of it as well as he can, and so it was with us on

the brink of this chasm. Bad however as was our prospect in looking forward, we had not yet begun to look back; and as soon as we saw there was no possibility of getting over it, we began to descend; and groping, sliding, jumping and holding on with both hands and feet, we reached the bottom of the gully; and after another hard hour's toil, were resting our wearied limbs on the opposite brink, at about the same elevation as that of the place from which we had just started.

This success encouraged us; and without caring or thinking how we should come down again, we felt only the spirit of the seaman's cry to the trembling sailor boy, "Look aloft, you lubber!" and looking aloft, we saw, through a small opening before us, though still at a great distance, the white dome that covered the tomb of the first high priest of Israel. Again with stout hearts we resumed our ascent;—but, as we might reasonably have supposed, that which we had passed was not the only chasm in the mountains. What had appeared to us slight inequalities of surface, we found great fissures and openings, presenting themselves before us in quick succession, not indeed as absolute and insurmountable barriers to further progress, but affording us only the encouragement of a bare possibility of crossing them. The whole mountain from its base to its summit, was rocky and naked, affording not a tree or bush to assist us; and all that we had to hold on by were the rough and broken corners of the porous sandstone rocks, which crumbled in our hands and under our feet, and more than once put us in danger of our lives. Several times, after desperate exertion, we sat down perfectly discouraged at seeing another and another chasm before us, and more than once we were on the point of giving up the attempt, thinking it impossible to advance any farther; but we had come so far, and taken so little notice of our road, that it was almost as impossible to return; and a distant and accidental glimpse of the whitened dome would revive our courage, and stimulate us to another effort.

Several times I mounted on Paul's shoulders, and with his helping reached the top of a precipitous or overhanging rock, where lying down with my face over the brink, I took up the pistols, swords, &c., and then helped him up in turn; sometimes again, he was the climber, and my shoulders were the stepping stone; and, in the rough grasps that we gave each other, neither thought of the relation of master and servant. On the sides of that rugged mountain, so desolate, so completely removed from the world, whose difficult ascent had been attempted by few human footsteps since the days when "Moses and Aaron went up in sight of all the congregation," the master and the man lay on the same rock, encountering the same fatigues and dangers, and inspired by the same hopes and fears. My dress was particularly bad for the occasion; for, besides the encumbrance of pistols and a sword, my long silk gown and large sleeves were a great annoyance, as I wanted every moment a long reach of the arm and full play of the legs; even our light Turkish slippers were impediments in our desperate scramble, and we were obliged to pull them off, for the better hold that could be taken with the naked feet.

But as yet we had work enough before us. Disencumbering ourselves of all our useless trappings, shoes, pistols, swords, tobacco-pouch, and water-sack, which we tied together in a sash and the roll of a turban, by dint of climbing, pushing, and lifting each other, after the most arduous upward scramble I ever accomplished, we attained the bald and hoary summit of the mountain; and, before we had time to look around, at the extreme end of the desolate valley of El Ghor, our attention was instantly attracted and engrossed by one of the most interesting objects in the world, and Paul and I exclaimed at the same moment, "The Dead Sea!"

On the very "top of the mount," reverenced alike by Mussulmans and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tomb-stone, in form like the oblong slabs in our churchyards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare. After going out, and from the very top of the tomb surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber.

ANECDOTE.

From Rev. J. Heckewelder's History of the Manners and Customs of the Indians of Pennsylvania.

"Seating myself once upon a log, by the side of an Indian who was resting there, being at that time actively employed in fencing in his cornfield, I observed to him that he must be fond of working, as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer he returned, made a very great impression on my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend," said he, "the fishes in the water and the birds on the air and on the earth, have taught me to work; by their examples, I have been convinced of the necessity of labor and industry. When I was a young man, I loitered about a good deal, doing nothing,

just like the other Indians, who say that working is for the whites and negroes; the Indians have been ordained for other purposes, to hunt the deer, and catch the beaver, otter, racoon, and such other animals. But one day it so happened, that while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehanna, and having sat myself down near the water's edge to rest a little, and casting my eyes on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed with what industry the Meechgalingus (sunfish) heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn; and all this labor they did with their mouth and body, without hands.

"Astonished, as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe, sat a while smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird not far from me, raised a song which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish where the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate, with as much grass as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me and flew into a bush where I perceived them together, busily employed in building their nests, and singing as their work went on. I entirely forgot that I was hunting, in order to contemplate the objects I had before me. I saw the birds in the air, and the fishes in the water, working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands. I thought it was strange, and I became lost in wonder. I looked at myself, and saw two long arms provided with hands and fingers, and with joints that might be opened and shut at pleasure. I could when I pleased, take up any thing with those hands, and hold it fast or let it loose, and carry it along with me. When I walked, I observed moreover, that I had a strong body, capable of bearing fatigue, supported by two stout legs, with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountain, and descend at pleasure into the valleys.

And is it possible, said I, that a being so wonderfully formed as I am, was created to live in idleness, while the birds, which have no hands, and nothing but their little bills to help them, work with cheerfulness, and without being told to do so? Has then the Creator of man, and of all living creatures, given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be; I will try to go to work. I did so, and went away to a spot of good land, where I built a cabin, enclosed ground, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time, I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep; while the others spend their nights in dancing, and are suffering with hunger, I live in plenty; I keep horses, cows, and fowls—I am happy. See, my friend, the birds and fishes have brought me to reflection, and taught me to work!"

"Thus man his sovereign duty learns, in this Material picture of reflection."

BEET SUGAR.

When stripped of mystification, the process of making beet sugar has little in it more difficult than the process of making maple sugar. It consists in extracting the juice of the beet, of purifying it, and boiling it down to a proper consistency to granulate. All the care and particularly recommended in the making of beet sugar, might no doubt be applied advantageously to the making of maple sugar, though it is seldom done, and the consequence is, that our maple sugar does not possess half the value it might possess. The purification of the juice, and the reducing it to sugar, are managed on like principles, though the processes of purifying vary. The sap of the maple has only to be divested of its earthy impurities, which milk, eggs, or blood serves ordinarily to effect. The juice of the beet contains coloring and other foreign matters, which it is necessary to get rid of; and this is done, and the liquor rendered limpid by the application of lime and animal charcoal. These processes are particularly described in the report now before us.

New beets can be grown, gathered, and washed by the laborers on the farm; they can be reduced by them to pulp in a grater cider mill; and the juice can also be expressed by them in a common cider press. The purifying process is easily learned, and practiced by the inmates of the family, as are the processes of boiling down and sugaring off. The ordinary utensils of a family may suffice, though they are not to be preferred. A thermometer and areometer are useful in managing the processes with certainty and economy. They would be equally useful in the processes of making maple sugar, and the thermometer in the business of making butter and cheese. The cost of both will not exceed three dollars. One serves to determine temperature, the other specific gravity; and in five minutes the principles of either may be explained to a novice.

What then we ask, is to hinder the farmer from raising the beet, and extracting from it, (when his farm labors of the summer relax or are completed,) the sugar necessary for the consumption of his family, or for market, with as little expense, and as much certainty, as he produces it from his maple grove?

The labor of fabricating maple sugar consists in tapping the trees, collecting the sap, and boiling it down to sugar. This is all outdoor work, mostly performed in the woods, is fatiguing, and must be performed at an unpleasant season of the year, and ordinarily within a period of four or five weeks. The labor of making beet sugar after the beets are prepared for rasping, consists in extracting the juice, and boiling it down to sugar. This may be all done under cover, and within a period of six months, though evidently the earlier it is done the better. The residuum of the beet sugar is valuable for cattle and sheep, and is nearly or quite sufficient to remunerate for the out-door labor, or the culture of the beet.—Cultivator.

BLIGHT IN PEAR TREES.

The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, anxious to promote the discovery of a preventive for the diseases usually termed *blight* in pear trees, offers a premium of \$500, to be paid to the person who shall discover and make

public, an effectual means of preventing its attacks. The premium not to be awarded until after the expiration of three years from the publication of the preventive, nor until the Society shall be fully satisfied of its efficiency. Communications on the subject may be addressed by mail to DAVID LANDRETH, Corresponding Secretary, Philadelphia.

CHAMPAIGNE.

Perhaps no country consumes so much spurious wine as this. The poisons sold under the name of wine, have a bad effect, not only on the habits, but the health of the people—creating a fever and thirst, and leading to confirmed intemperance.

The Albany Daily Advertiser says, *spurious champagne* is manufactured in great quantities at Dresden, in Saxony, among the pure and celebrated merino wool.

The New-York Star adds, we believe it is unnecessary to go so far for the article in question. The half of the territory of France could not contain the vineyards necessary to produce what the United States consume under the cognomen of champagne. Once create a market, and the thing sought comes from—no matter where. There are always enough green-horns to be duped.

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Hartford, March 25. 66

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DAVID F. ROBINSON, President.
THOMAS C. PERKINS, Sec'y.

At a court of Probate holden at Suffield, within and for the District of Suffield, on the 29th day of March A. D. 1837.

Present, LUTHER LOOMIS, Esq., Judge.

This Court doth direct the Administrators of Joseph Hastings, late of Suffield, in said District, deceased, represented to be insolvent, to give notice to all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, to appear (if they see cause) before the Court of Probate to be holden at the Probate Office in said District, on the first day of May, at 2 o'clock P. M. to be heard relative to the appointment of Commissioners on said estate, by posting said order of notice on a public sign-post in said Suffield, and by advertising the same in a newspaper published in Hartford.

Certified from Record.

LUTHER LOOMIS, Judge.